

Halo: Lonely Day

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Summary: A lone marine and Master Chief must team up to battle their way home. R R please :

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**\*\*Lonely Day: Prologue\*\***

Chris Grant, aka "Dozer", loaded his M90 shotgun with fresh shells, and pumped it to load a round into the chamber. The Covenant Armada had been fast to land on earth, but the human military response had been just as quick, especially at New Mesa. The team he was with right now was out on an assault mission, to demolish a temporary base the Covenant had set up on a beach at the other end of the city. Riding in the back of the drop-ship, Dozer looked around at his teammates. All clad in heavy armor with their personal decorations scrawled on the breastplates, they looked like some kind of bizarre automaton army. The metal cargo hold of the drop ship echoed the sounds of weapons being loaded, and prayers being whispered. Beside him, Sergeant Kristov took another haul off his cigar before holding his hand to his ear.

After nodding several times, the sergeant stood up, and adjusted his headset so the receiver was right next to his mouth. "Ok maggots" his voice boomed into their headsets, "We've learned that the Covenant at the beach may be a little more well prepared than we originally thought". "That means we're fucked," whispered a marine to another, before the Sergeant gave him a glare that shut him up quick. "As I was saying," he continued, "Since they're well prepared, we're going to be receiving additional assistance on this mission.". Pacing back and forth between the rows, he continued, "On your helmet eyepieces, the relevant data will now be displayed".

Almost instantly, the glass display that hung over Dozers right eye from the helmet lit up with scrolling data. Battle kill count, experience, etc was all relayed to everyone. The kill count seemed a little high, but since there was no listing for team experience,

Chris figured it was a computer glitch. That is, until a profile picture of the "assistance" was overlaid on top of the information. An audible gasp and several obscenities were heard throughout the hold as everyone realized who it was. The helmet alone with the green armor was distinctive enough. Master Chief was going to be their assistance. Christ Jesus.

After Sergeant Kristov gave them a more detailed version of what to expect, e.g. battle plan, and certain procedures to be followed this time around, the whole cargo hold lit up red with a revolving light, as the pilots voice came on over the loudspeakers. "15 seconds to drop".

Unbuckling their restraints, everyone readied their weapons at the hold door, and prepared to be dropped into the war zone. The 5-second warning signal sounded as the door slowly opened, streaming sunlight onto the marines. "We are being dropped 2 minutes from the Covenant base, so we can get the drop on them!" Kristov hollered over the roaring engines of the ship. With a swift hand signal from him, the marine team of 12 piled out the back of the lowered door, and onto the sandy beach.

As the marines finished leaving the ship, the craft rotated slowly into the air, and engaged its afterburners, sending it shooting away. They used standard attack formation as the cloaked Covenant base shimmered slightly in the sunlight, giving away its position. "Ramandez" Kristov ordered "Aim for the cloak generator and take it out!" A clanking of boots followed this order, and soon Ramandez was at the front of the squad, configuring his M19 SSM Rocket Launcher. Having configured and primed the weapon, he hoisted it up on his shoulder, and lined his eyes up with the sights. Sweeping it over the compound, he caught sight of the cloaking device on the side of the building, characterized by a small box with random electrical impulses running up and down it.

Ramandez centered the sights on the box, and squeezed the trigger once, and then a second time a beat later. This sent two revolving rockets at high speeds toward the base. Everyone stood still as Kristov held his fist up in the air, indicating to hold position. The rockets drew closer and closer, until they collided with the device, sending shards of Covenant material and fingers of flame up in the air. Sergeant Kristov unclenched his fist, and pointed towards the base. The team charged as the front of the compound shimmered away, revealing the alerted Covenant troops.

Chris held his shotgun in front of him as he ran, taking shots at the Covenant as they neared. Energy blasts from the other side soared over their heads as rounds from the human side were exchanged in kind. "Where's our Goddamn backup?!" one of the marines screamed, obviously terrified, "They're going to fucking slaughter us!" An energy blast caught Kristov in the eye, and the back of his head burnt away like tissue paper.

"Sarge is dead, we're fucking scr-" This ranting from another marine towards the frontline was overtaken by the sound of rumbling engines. Sand got kicked up in the air and two Covenant grunts flew in opposite directions as a fragmentation grenade exploded. A silver needle shot quickly over the two factions, leaving scarcely a shadow. But no less than 2 seconds later, sand shot up in all directions as something landed between them. Energy blasts and bullets still rang

out blindly into the dust cloud, hoping to hit something. The battle raged on as the dust settled, and The Master Chief stood up, already utilizing his MA5B Assault Rifle to pump rounds into Covenant Elites, devastating their shields and tearing apart their bodies.

The humans seemed to be winning as there were only three grunts and an elite left. Master Chief, most likely wishing to conserve ammo, was bludgeoning the Elite with his assault rifle. The grunts were then pummeled with shotgun and assault rifle rounds by the marines. As the last one fell, a collective cheer went up among the humans. The Master Chief turned around, and slung his rifle in a holster on the back of his armor. As the humans cheered, a covenant grunt that was barely alive, picked up his fuel rod cannon and fired an energy ball up in the air. Overtaken by the festivities, the marines didn't notice the ball of searing plasma that was descending on them. But The Master Chief did.

Running towards them, he dove and tackled Dozer, who was standing off to the side of his group, unlatching his heavy helmet. The ball collided with the remaining group of marines, and vaporized them immediately, with a sickening sizzling sound being the only aftermath. Dozer looked up at what had saved him, and winced in pain. He had cracked two ribs when the Master Chief had thrown himself into him. Getting up, he helped Dozer to his feet, who was bent over in pain. Bending down to inspect him, the chief was swiftly hit in the back of the head with a blunt object, and Dozer was hit in the face before getting a good look at who did it.

A maze of twisted purple and blue tubing was the first thing Dozer saw when he woke up. Holographic control panels beeped, and the walls pulsed with color. He was still in searing pain, and for some reason he couldn't move his hands or his feet. Turning his head to the right a bit, he saw Master Chief strung up beside him, suspended a foot off the floor by gravity bonds. Deducing that he was being held the exact same way, he turned his head to the left, and was greeted by the butt end of a plasma rifle.

End  
file.